

# CAMPFIRE TALES.

## The Man Who Feels.

The man who feels is a happier wight  
Than the man who is callous and cold.  
For if he weeps in the gloom of night,  
He laughs in the sunbeam's gold;  
And if the tide of his life runs low,  
It reaches the summits of cheer;  
He knows the heights, as the depths be-  
low,  
And he smiles through a plying tear.  
And after it all, when all is done,  
The world has most of the gladdening  
sun,  
For the twilight lingers when day is  
done,  
And the sun's benediction is dear.

The man who feels is happier far--  
I say it again and again--  
Than ever can be or ever are,  
The pitiless sons of men;  
For if he sighs for his own gray woes,  
He sighs for another's, too;  
If the plant of pain in his bosom grows,  
It is covered by sympathy's dew.  
And after it all, when all is said,  
Still pity and love forever are wed;  
That the heart, unfeeling is chill and  
dead  
Is true, and forever is true.

The man who feels is a dear God's gift  
To a sorrowful, travailing world;  
By the hands that the burdens of life  
uplift  
Is the flag of our peace unfurled.  
We need not the souls that are callous  
as Fate,  
And selfish and wedded to greed,  
But the plying tear for our fallen es-  
tate  
We need--and we ever shall need,  
And after it all, when all is past,  
'Tis the deed of love that alone may  
last,  
And the rest is chaff in the winnowing  
blast,  
In the garden of life, a weed.  
—Alfred Waterhouse in Success.

## Use for Her "Beggings."

It was Sister Francis of the Order of the Sisters of Charity who rebuked a northern general with the following words, after he had spoken severely to her when she asked for supplies for wounded men.

"Rebel or federal," for it must be remembered that the sisters made no distinction between northern and southern soldiers in their ministrations, "I do not know; Protestant or Catholic, I do not ask. They are not soldiers when they come to us; they are simply suffering fellow creatures. Rich or poor, of gentle or of lowly birth, it is not our province to inquire. Ununiformed, unarmed, sick and helpless, we ask not on what side they fought. Our work begins after yours is done. Yours the carnage, ours the binding up of the wounds. Yours the battle, ours the duty of caring for the mangled left behind on the field. Ice I want for the sick, the wounded, the dying. I plead for all, I beg for all. I pray for all God's poor suffering creatures wherever I may find them."

"Yes, you can beg, I'll admit," returned the general. "What do you do with all your beggings? It is always more! more! never enough!"

Finally he gave the sister an order on the commissary with the remark, "Don't come bothering me again!"

In less than three weeks the general was taken to Hotel Dieu, a hospital in New Orleans, which was in charge of the Sisters of Charity. It was Sister Francis who nursed him tenderly back to life and strength.

Two months afterward she received a check from the general for \$1,000, with the penitent acknowledgment, "I think I know now what you do with your beggings."

## Last to Surrender.

The following letter from the last noted Southern general to surrender at the close of the civil war, will be found "mighty interesting reading," to quote from Horace Greeley. Gen. Smith was one of the comparatively few confederate leaders who attained the full rank of general, Longstreet and several others of note having been lieutenant generals.

"Sewanee, Tenn., Feb. 14, 1893.

"My Dear Sir—Your letter has long been laid aside unanswered. Thanking you for its kindly tone and interest, I owe you an apology for apparent neglect. For over two months I have been pulled down and weakened

and incapacitated for work by chronic bowel trouble. I belong to an old and honored Yankee stock, which have inherited, amongst other English and Puritan characteristics, that of great pertinacity, it may be obstinacy, and of never knowing when we are whipped.

"I was opposed to secession and the war, at its incipency, but sacrificed everything in its advocacy, through a sense of duty, after it came. I never would have given up, and preferred death to surrender. My trans-Mississippi army, after the capture of Mr. Davis and the surrender of the armies east of the Mississippi, disbanded and went to their homes, and there was no alternative but accepting a conclusion already established. My surrender was made with the full understanding that I had no army and no means of resistance, and was done more for the benefit of the men who had disbanded and scattered than for myself.

"I have great regard for your people; they are my people and I know their great and good qualities. I know their bad ones, also. I have my full share, I expect, by inheritance, for every drop of blood in my veins is New England and Anglo-Saxon. The first governor of Connecticut was a grandfather. My own grandfather was a distinguished Connecticut man and a general in the revolution. Both Gov. Seymour of Connecticut and Gov. Seymour of New York were cousins.

"I hope my physical disability will be an apology for my long silence and apparent neglect.

"Very truly yours,

"E. Kirby Smith.

"To Col. D. C. Pavey, Boston, Mass."

## Masked Batteries in the War.

"The great bugaboo in the army in 1861," said the major, "was the masked battery. The boys seemed to believe, and the people at home did believe, that to mask a battery or to conceal it was contrary to army regulations and the laws of war, and was a sneaking, contemptible proceeding, characteristic of men working to destroy the Union.

"In April and May, 1861, there was more news in the papers about masked batteries than there was about skirmishes and marches. The men in front rarely made a forward movement without coming upon a diabolical masked battery. The masked battery and the black horse cavalry were like a nightmare to the army in Virginia, and the boys talked as wildly about them as the Londoners have been talking recently about those vessels of the Russian volunteer fleet.

"One day our company, out scouting, spied on a distant ridge what was at once pronounced a masked battery. It seemed to me an ordinary Ohio backwoods brush heap, but men of more experience said it was a battery hidden by innocent looking brushwood, and dispositions were made to attack it. We opened fire at long range, but there was no reply. Then we closed in, firing as we ran forward.

"Our blood was up and we were ready for a charge when there came from the brushwood three large black-snakes, or mountain racers. There was confusion in the ranks, and then a wild chase after the snakes. The masked battery was a common brush heap, and the experience of that day raised the question if any man in the regiment had ever seen a masked battery. We asked the captain, an old veteran, about it. He said he had seen lots of masked batteries. In fact, he said it was the rule in defensive warfare to hide a battery or to place it where it could not be seen by an approaching enemy.

"He showed us that our own battery at the falls was masked, and that our howitzer battery on the mountain to our rear was hidden in the brush, and finally laughed the bugaboo out of our minds. A few days later he stationed us on either side of a mountain road to ambush a company of rebel cavalry, and after all was over asked if a masked battery was more reprehensible than an ambush."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## To-Day.

We shall do so much in the years to come.  
But what have we done to-day?  
We shall give out gold in a princely sum.

But what did we give to-day?  
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear.  
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear.

We shall speak with words of love and cheer,  
But what have we done to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after while,  
But what have we been to-day?  
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile.

But what have we brought to-day?  
We shall give to truth a grander birth.  
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth.  
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth.

But whom have we fed to-day?  
—Nixon Waterman.

## Has Its Troubles.

The most disconsolate fellow that walks the beach is the hermit crab whose shell has become too snug for comfort. If it were his own, as the clam's, it would grow with his growth, and always be a perfect fit; but to the hermit there comes often a "moving day," when a new house must be sought. Discouraging work it is, too. Most of the doors at which he knocks are slammed in his face. A tweak from a larger pincer than his own will often satisfy him that the shell he considers "distinctly possible," and hopefully ventures to explore, is already occupied by a near but coldly unsympathetic relative.

Finding no empty shell of suitable size, the hermit may be driven to ask a brother hermit to vacate in his favor. The proposition is spurned indignantly, and a fight ensues. The battle is the stronger. Often the attacking party has considerable trouble in cleaning out the shell, having to pick his adversary out in bits. A periwinkle or a whelk may be attacked in a like manner by a hermit who is hard pressed and has taken a fancy to that particular shell. If the householder be feeble, the conquest is easy. If lusty, he holds the fort.

## A Water Treadmill.

The men who work in the great logging camps in the West and Northwest, where miles and miles of great logs are floated down the rivers to sawmills below, have a peculiar sport. They grow so at home on slippery, shifting logs rolling and tossing about in the swift current that they



can leap from one to another and ride on them like circus performers while directing their course around a bend or bad place in the river. These "loggers" make a specialty of standing on a log and making it roll, first forward, then backward, by leaning one way or the other, and standing on the log nearest the direction they wish it to roll. They can even make the log roll through the water like a wheel or hoop rolling over the ground.

Sometime when you are "in swimming" or bathing and a good sized log, put it in the water, and try to

stand on it. You will be surprised to find how difficult it is to do this, and the first time you try it the log will probably roll over at once and dump you in the water. But you will very soon get the knack of it, and then you will find that by standing with your feet on one of the sloping sides of the log you can make it turn in that direction, and by moving your feet just as fast as the log moves your feet not only keep your upright position, but can make the log move through the water. Try it.

## Pindertoy.

Scissors and a pin only needed. This prattling parrot if cut out and fastened together with a pin will make a very attractive toy. If you push the



pin firmly into a cork or the end of a stick and paste the pieces on an old visiting card before the pieces are cut out, this pindertoy will last longer.

## Origin of Names of Dogs.

There are not many boys or girls, or grown folks, either, for that matter, who know how the breed names of dogs first came into common use.

For instance, the spaniel is so-called because the first types of this beautiful and intelligent animal arrived in England from Spain and were called Spanish dogs.

The beautiful Blenheim spaniel is named after Blenheim palace, where this dog first was made fashionable in the time of the great Marlborough. The King Charles, as might be guessed, owes its name to the merry monarch.

The skye terrier was originally bred in the Isle of Skye, and the Scotch terrier, of course, in Scotland.

Many other dogs show the original place of their breeding or development by their names, such as the Great Dane, the Newfoundland, Siberian bloodhound, and so on.

The mastiff means "house-dog," no doubt because of his great strength and size and ability to guard the home.

Poodle means "waddle," although these pretty little pets of to-day don't seem to partake of any ancestral clumsiness.

## A Cat's Revenge.

A gentleman who was very fond of fishing, and who usually caught a good lot of fish, frequently promised his next door neighbor to give him part of his catch, but never fulfilled the promise. The cat of the next door neighbor evidently overheard the promise and thought the fisherman ought to be made to keep his word. For one day when the people of both houses had gone out for a little while she sneaked into the fisherman's house, took two fine large trout he had just caught and laid them on the kitchen table of her own mistress. This lady returning and finding them there, supposed that her neighbor had at last kept his promise, so she proceeded to clean and cook the fish for the next meal, thanking him, when she next saw him for his generosity. The fisherman is now trying to find some secret method of killing the cat.